

# WHAT DID YOU SEE TODAY?

## DAILY PRIZES

For the best stories each day: FIRST PRIZE, \$25; SECOND PRIZE, \$10; THIRD PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES OF \$2 each for ten next best stories.

### OUT OF TOWN.

#### VAGRANT—"WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT."

The writer is one of the keepers at the Bergen County Jail in Hackensack. This morning an interesting prisoner was brought to us. Under the rules he had to be searched and a superficial examination produced several scraps of paper, a bunch of keys, a tobacco can and a pen. When he was told to step out of coat, vest and trousers and step into the jail garb he hesitated. Usually they strip without hesitation and this man's actions made me suspicious. Finally he decided to observe the rules and I made a thorough search of his clothing. In the pockets of his vest I found ten \$100 bills. The inside pocket of his coat revealed seventeen \$50 bills. The tobacco box was taken from his coat and revealed a grand total of \$225.98. The prisoner's name is Michael Nykied. He says he was employed for several years in an electric power plant in Virginia and saved his money with the intention of going back to the Old Country, to join wife and children. He was arrested here for vagrancy and his property will be returned to him when his time is up—Harold S. Stahl, Bergen County Jail, Hackensack, N. J.



#### OR! WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.

I was working recently on an express truck at Narvannett Pier delivering trunks to the fashionable. One day Father Bartley of the local Catholic church informed my friend and me that the church was giving a jobster supper at The Breakers. Both of us attended. The younger society set was there, and John J. Fitzgerald, former State Attorney for Rhode Island, asked us if we'd care to meet any of the buds. We did, and there I stood like a hero, in white flannels, chatting with one of the fair damsels of the Blue Book as if really I was one of them. Then at the end of the evening I bid her a regretful farewell. The next day we pulled up to the hotel with the truck to take back the chairs to the church and who should be sitting on the veranda but my young heroine of the evening before. There I was in my overalls and dirty shirt and there she was in something white and filmy, and then she saw me! Her nose went up like a cherry picker in the old country, and then there I decided a number of the Six Million shouldn't try to mingle with the Four Hundred—George B. Rosenberg, No. 4113 Bergantine Avenue, Union Hill, N. J.

#### SAFETY FIRST!

On the Long Island Railroad today I read the following: "A penny saved is a penny earned." "A minute lost is a life saved." "A stitch in time saves nine." "A thought in time saves lives." And all of this struck me as particularly true because I had just returned from the funeral of one who was hit by a train at Lindenhurst—Harry E. M. Jones, Babylon, L. I.

#### W. J. B.

I saw the three times Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party, the Great Commoner, the Honorable William Jennings Bryan of Florida, who is spending a few days at Asbury Park. He is not as handsome as the pictures I have seen of a younger Bryan, the Boy Orator of the Platte, but his face is impressive and he is the sort of man people point at and ask, "Who is he?" Determined to make the best of my opportunity to study greatness near to I trailed the distinguished visitor along the boardwalk. Mr. Bryan stopped at a little candy shop. He bought a package of Mr. Wrigley's celebrated gum. He walked to a nearby bench and sat down. I saw William J. Bryan chewing gum!—G. C. Astavita, No. 311 Euclid Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.



#### DRESSING ROOM.

To-day, on the beach at Wainwright, L. I., we saw two boys digging a hole in the sand. Soon it was large enough for them to stand in, completely hidden from view. Then we saw clothes tossed from it. In a few minutes they appeared, dressed in bathing suits—Katherine Morgan, Wainwright, L. I.

#### WALKING, TALKING "DOLL."

I went downtown on a Ninth Avenue surface car. I saw a woman holding a pillow on her lap and with what I first took to be a doll lying on the pillow. When the "doll" moved I received the surprise of my life. The doll was the smallest baby I ever saw, weighing not an ounce over four pounds—Mrs. Hauser, Box 46, Point Lookout, N. Y.

#### BACK!

I was in a little variety store at the corner of Union Road and Westfield Avenue when I saw a nervous young man jump excitedly for the door and the street crying, "Whoa! whoa! whoa!" I thought the young man had gone bailing. There wasn't a horse in sight. He was yelling at his Ford. He had come in without shutting it off and the car was gliding away—Mrs. E. J. Macdonald, No. 29 Walnut Street, Roselle Park, N. J.

#### FOUNDER.

On the Lexington Avenue subway today I saw a man anxiously look at the stations as we passed them. As the train left North Street he drew from his pocket a compass and, setting it level, he determined in which direction the train was moving. Evidently he was satisfied, for he put back the compass and sat back with a look of relief—Mervin S. Near Jr., No. 266 Garden Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

#### CHINESE-AMERICAN.

In the elevator of a Brooklyn department store today I saw a young Chinese girl in native costume of natural pinks elaborately embroidered in brown. She had on even the usual Chinese slippers, but her hair was bobbed and curled and styled in quite the New York flapper fashion—Ellen Walcott, No. 1212 South Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

#### ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT ORATORS.

I saw William Jennings Bryan at the Ocean Grove Auditorium. The papers reported that he had had a haircut. He spoke for two hours and thirty-five minutes to a gathering of 8,000 persons, and, believe me, brother, he inspired every one until the last word—Mrs. Olson, No. 242 Corlies Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.

#### IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

In Chelsea I saw a man of about fifty years who has worked for one man for twenty years. He will take for compensation only the food and tobacco he uses, a place to sleep and money for an occasional work suit. If he has any money left from this purchase he returns it to his employer. He is a teamster and laborer and a good worker, working every day, including holidays—Leon Martin, Richmond, Vt.

#### IF POSSIBLE.

On the door of the newly-built prison at Wainwright, N. Y., today I saw the sign, "Keep Out"—Robert Groner Jr., Wainwright, N. Y.

#### YOUNGEST AND SWEETEST.

Perhaps the youngest wireless fan in the world is Phoebe Ray, the one and one-half year old niece of Philip W. Fraleigh, President of the Tennessee Tennis Club. I saw Miss Phoebe in her high chair on her porch today clutching at a milk bottle while she listened with rapt attention at a musical number relayed to her via a loud set—H. A. Bogota, N. J.

#### PUBLIC SERVICE.

On the Jersey Central Railroad today I saw a brakeman going through the coaches with a fly swatter—Amy La Brette, No. 108 Depot Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

#### ANY RAGS.

Remember the rag and bone pickers who made daily rounds in the good old days? Well, today a big van half filled with newspapers and rags passed our house and two men were yelling, "Rags? Newspapers?" Be of good cheer; good news are returning—R. L. Haffner, No. 236 Ocean Avenue, Lakewood, N. J.

## EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

TO make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TELL YOUR STORY, IF POSSIBLE, IN NOT MORE THAN 125 WORDS. STATE WHERE THE THING WRITTEN ABOUT TOOK PLACE. WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY AND IN FULL. CHECKS ARE MAILED DAILY.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

#### BRONX

##### NIGHT TELEGRAPHER.

What I saw yesterday. \* \* \* Harrikan's gang, mopping up the main hall in Walker Street, led by the Big Swede singing a chanty. \* \* \* The collection car of the Sixth Avenue "L," collecting the day's receipts at Grand Street under the protection of half a dozen guards. \* \* \* A blaze in a warehouse on Hudson Street. \* \* \* Mail truck backing out of an alley on Beach Street. Three sharp explosions. Backfiring for joy! \* \* \* Steady stream of motor cars east and west through Canal Street, interspersed with produce and other trucks. \* \* \* A goodly cargo of hooch. \* \* \* It is time to eat. Krist's bakery on Canal Street is filled with clerks, truckies, chauffeurs, letter carriers and a patrolman. \* \* \* The sky, a ball of fire, rising in the east. \* \* \* The bridges alive with traffic. \* \* \* Wisps of smoke from tenement chimneys. \* \* \* Subway disgorging an army of toilers, first of the morning rush hour crowds. \* \* \* And where am I? Oh, up on the seventeenth floor, pounding brass while the city sleeps—Francis McEnery, No. 448 East 147th Street, the Bronx.



#### VANISHING TREES OF THE BRONX.

I am wondering as I sit here at my window what can be the matter with the lovely trees on this avenue. They appear to be dying off. One right across the way has been cut down, and not a young tree, either. So far as I can see the city does not do much spraying. It seems such a pity! On private property across the way is a fine horse-chestnut tree. In a few years, I am told, it shall have no horse-chestnut trees. And our hickory and chestnut trees are practically gone. What can be the reason? Some say it is a natural result of using so much oil on the roads. Margaret Deith, No. 2601 Bainbridge Avenue, Bronx.

#### TRANSFORMATION.

While I was visiting at the home of a wealthy Austrian friend, his family received a telegram that two pieces awaited them at Ellis Island. I accompanied my friend and his wife and saw the two girls, aged about nineteen and twenty-one years. In their ill-fitting, none too clean clothes, such as nearly every one in their country wears now, they presented a rather sorry spectacle. My friend's wife took us all to a hotel and the girls were taken to the boys and girls' dormitory. Meanwhile my friend's wife went shopping. Two hours later these two girls came back completely transformed—bobbed hair, silk stockings, nicely dressed, beautiful—Henry H. Abel, No. 764 Tinton Avenue, Bronx.

#### NEW YORKERS.

Questioning passengers on one of the 41st-round-trip-Chinatown buses I learned to-day that of forty-four passengers more than three-fourths had lived in New York all their lives and had never visited in the neighborhood of Boyers and Peck Streets. The sudden influx into Chinatown had been caused by the murder of a Tong leader—Arthur W. Levy, No. 897 Beck Street, Bronx.

#### LOOKING UP THE PARK.

I was sitting on a bench in Central Park about 12:45 A. M., when along came a policeman and told everybody he would have to get out as the park closed at 1 A. M. Then I saw him draw a bench across the entrance—Harry Swanson, No. 355 Beekman Avenue, Bronx.

#### PRINCE DEMANDS HIMSELF.

Our St. Bernard dog Prince was dozing on the porch when a foolish little dog began howling in the gutter. Prince got up, walked deliberately to the gutter, slipped the little dog with his paw and then returned to his nap in quietude. Charlotte Stensung, No. 1977 Hall Place, Bronx.

#### AND THEY CALL THEM "GILLS."

Birds have been known to understand, and I saw an example of their intelligence on my return from Europe the other day, when I noticed a flock of songbirds following in the wake of the ship between Sandy Hook and Quarantine. These birds, I learned, seem to sense that the refuse will be thrown from the ship and they follow until the steamers reach Quarantine. They fly back to follow the next incoming steamer—Arthur W. Levy, No. 897 Beck Street, Bronx.

#### RICHMOND.

##### EXCUSABLE.

On the fortyninth this morning I saw a man who looked at peace with all the world. He was a well-dressed, prosperous-looking gent. He was humming a tune. He had his favorite morning newspaper with him. He spread it out on his knees, reached into an inner pocket, brought forth a spectacle case and said something naughty. The case was empty. From this time onwards he was the gloomiest looking person on board—Alvin G. Hunter, No. 43 Overlook Avenue, Dongen Hills, Staten Island.

#### MANHATTAN

##### WHY THEY SAY "ENJOYING POOR HEALTH."

Last evening I was walking thoughtfully on St. Nicholas Avenue when suddenly my attention was arrested by a sign in a store window near 181st Street. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming. The sign read in big letters: "Attention—Reliable Whiskey, Brandy and Wines." But the next moment I knew I was dreaming, for the place is a drug store and at the bottom of the sign in small letters was the Volsteadian warning—"Sold only on doctor's orders." And I wasn't sick—A. A. T., East 40th Street.



#### OBSERVANT CITIZEN.

I walked up Eighth Avenue from 42d Street to Columbus Circle. I saw a woman carrying a pink umbrella and wearing red rubbers; a man selling a paper called "Matrimonial News"; a child about 10 years old and 2 feet tall handed by a crowd of children; an automobile carrying eight passengers on their way from the White Mountains to Tulsa, Okla.; a peddler selling peaches from a Ford car; two men preaching on street corners; a messenger boy running as if the Indians were after him—Frank Lee, No. 690 Eighth Avenue.

#### WHO WANTS FIREWOOD?

Many old buildings are being torn down and remodeled on upper Madison Avenue. This morning I saw a sign in front of one of them, between 53d and 54th Streets, which read: "Firewood! Free! Save coal!"—G. W. Chandler, No. 410 Central Park West.

#### LUCKY FOR ALL CONCERNED.

At 136th Street and Broadway I saw the smashed window of a bakery and saw an automobile wheel resting uncomfortably on rolls, cakes and cream puffs. Across the way there was a crowd gathered around a truck carrying a big crane. In front of the truck, partly on its side, was a pleasure car with one wheel gone. Broadway is at its widest here and that wheel had taken a long journey diagonally across the street—Edward L. Berthoud, No. 2613 Broadway.

#### CAUGHT.

I saw my sister's four-year-old son trying to get me to "read" the comic cuts to him. I tried to get rid of him by saying "I was busy thinking." He watched me quickly for about a minute and said, "You ain't!"—A. J. Jones, No. 410 West 119th Street.

#### QUEENS

##### SMART FELLER.

On Broadway at 40th Street today I saw a young lady wearing Russian boots. Two young fellows passed her and grinned. In a moment she was jumping up and down on the sidewalk yelling. Then she sat down on the curb, regardless of the looks of pedestrians, and took off a boot. One of the young men had flipped a cigarette in the open top—Edward T. Simmons Jr., No. 308 Crescent Street, Astoria, L. I.

#### NOTHING DOWN AND TWICE AS MUCH PER ANNUM.

I saw a small boy in our neighborhood placing a "For Sale" sign on a recently built bird-house. Then he thoughtfully added: "Tax Exempt."—Janice Traub, No. 40 Harvest Street, Forest Hills, L. I.

#### IS THERE SUCH AN ANIMAL?

In the window of a store at 181st Street and St. Mark's Place there is a sign reading: "We have milk from contented cows."—S. Kaufman, No. 15 Stuyvesant Street.

#### BUT THAT IS NOT THE QUESTION.

In a window at Madison Avenue and 1st Street today, I saw on display a bucket of coal and beside it a placard reading: "It takes a million years to make a piece of coal and only one minute to waste it."—W. J. Garrity, No. 381 Fifth Avenue.

#### A BIT OMINOUS, WHAT?

In Far Rockaway I saw a sign on a restaurant which read: "First and Last Stop"—Fred Schippel, No. 355 West 41st Street.

#### SHOES SHINED FREE.

In Nassau Street, near Ann Street, I saw today a shoe repairing place where they shine your shoes for nothing, demonstrating an electric shoe-polishing machine—Mrs. J. Gombert, No. 355 East 142d Street.

#### BEAT.

I saw a boy beating his way across 125th Street on surface cars. First, I saw him board a westbound car at Third Avenue. I saw him again at the next block, where he stepped onto another car. One block beyond I beheld him once more. Thinking he might be a stranger I asked if I could be of help. He laughed. "I haven't got a penny," he explained. "And I feel like riding. If I get onto a car marked 'cross-town,' I ask if it is an Amsterdam Avenue car. By the time I have found out what I already know, I have gone a block and I get off. If it's an Amsterdam Avenue car I ask the other question."—Thomas P. Scanlon, No. 277 Eighth Avenue, Thomas.

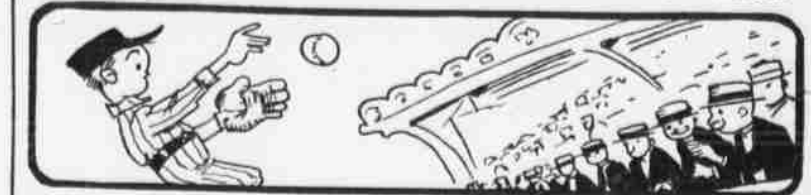
## WEEKLY PRIZES

Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: FIRST PRIZE, \$100; SECOND PRIZE, \$50; THIRD PRIZE, \$25; FOURTH PRIZE, \$10.

### BROOKLYN

#### WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE HIM?

At the Polo Grounds this afternoon several thousand fans were entertained by the part the St. Louis mascot, a husky youngster of about ten years, played in the practice prior to the game. After playing shadow to Slater, mimicking that player's movements from the coaching box behind the first base line, the little fellow took the bag when it was vacated by Slater and the crowd stopped laughing and began to applaud. The boy took an active part in the practice, jumped for the high ones, stopped the hot ones—the Browns did not spare him—made excellent throws from first to third and performed other feats. The way he walked off the field when the show was over, head high and chest out, showed that he appreciates the responsibility of his position. He made his way to the Yank dugout for a conference with the New York mascot and both lads humored "those newspaper fellows" to the extent of posing for their photographs. Then the young gentleman from St. Louis, envy of every other boy in the park, rejoined his teammates.—E. T. McBarron, No. 609 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.



#### MR. EBBETS LOSES A BASEBALL.

While riding in an automobile past Ebbets Field on Bedford Avenue during a ball game, I saw a man in a car ahead of us lean out and make a perfect one-handed catch of a fly ball which had been driven over the right field wall. The next day I learned it was the home run drive of Zack Wheat—J. F. Cameron Jr., No. 329 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn.

#### BOYS OF LONG AGO HAD TO READ THEM IN THE WOODSHED.

I saw a group of "shine" boys in the Public Library on 42d Street engrossed in the exhibit of the Beadle "Dime Novels." They were on tiptoe leaning over the glass cases to read the alluring ones, among which were "Red Ax, the Indian Giant," "Buffalo Bill's Grip, or Oath Bound to Custer," "Norwest Nick, the Border Detective," or "Dan Brown's Fight for Life." "Can you get 'em out on a card?" one asked another. "Nothin' doin', yuh dumbbell!" replied the other. "Can't you read? They're a dime apiece."—"H. H. Maxon, No. 3140 Emmons Avenue, Sheepshead Bay, L. I.

#### FISH STORY.

While I was out on a launch owned by J. J. Fitzgery of Holland, Rockaway, N. Y., I saw Mr. Fitzgery pull in his line, which was taut. When he pulled his catch in it proved to be a colossal fish with the hook in the mouth.—J. J. O'Connor, No. 8 Rutland Road, Brooklyn.

#### ON WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE IN THE EVENING.

On the Williamsburg Bridge the other night I saw the people of the lower east side occupying the benches on the bridge and enjoying themselves by singing and playing on all types of instruments. There are no parks in this section. These people were also enjoying the breeze from the East River—Henry Spett, No. 765 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

#### THE COUNTRY'S SAFE.

On Lower Fulton Street, Brooklyn, I saw in a cigar-maker's window this sign: "Come in and try Joe's hand-made safe special."—F. X. H. Brooklyn.

#### GO SLOW!

On the State Highway we came upon a sharp curve in the road, near which we saw a tombstone, on which was carved the words "Dead Man's Curve."—Theodore Goldman, No. 127 Chester Street, Brooklyn.

#### FOR SALE.

Two puppies were brought to a pet shop on Moffatt Street to be sold and the mother of the puppies followed. Since then she trots a full and a half every day to visit those puppies—Kitta Somerville, No. 6 Moffatt Street, Brooklyn.

#### TIME TO GET BUSY.

What I have seen lately is that the clocks have been removed from every one of the Brooklyn and Long Island branches of a big grocery organization which covers this part of the world with a chain of stores. In the place formerly occupied by the clock there is now, in every store, an engraved likeness of the President of the company. I am told the management came to the conclusion that the clerks were losing too much time looking at the clocks, and that the presence of the timepieces distracted attention from business. Now when a clerk thoughtlessly glances where the clock used to be he sees the stern features of the Big Boss and immediately is inspired to put more pep into his work.—M. Grant Flynn, No. 57 Hale Avenue, Brooklyn.



#### LAUGHTER.

I saw some boys playing on the opposite side of the street. In the street I saw lying an electric bulb. I was just about to go and pick it up when along came an automobile and ran over it. There was a loud report. The driver of the car jumped out and began examining his tires. He took quite a long time about it, and finding nothing wrong, he got into the car, mumbling profanely to himself while the boys across the street rocked with laughter—Mrs. Ellen Geier, No. 881 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn.

#### THERE'S AN ALARM ON THE SIX DIAL.

In Tuesday's "What Did You See Today?" Miss Hamilton, under the title "Flowerland," reported visiting a friend in whose garden she smelled a lovely perfume and attributed it to the flowers, which were four o'clocks. Now, what I'd like to know is whether the flowers recognized daylight saving or were they three o'clocks—Herman Schron, No. 354 Van Sicken Avenue, Brooklyn.

#### IN AUGUST.

We were suffering intensely today from the heat in the office of our factory. We use heat in the manufacture of a food product, but it was never before as hot as this. We were gasping for breath. Suddenly I heard a peculiar sound and walking over to the radiator I found it as hot as it should be on a cold winter day. The heat for drying the food had been by mistake turned into the radiators. The thermometer in the office registered 105 degrees—J. Maier, No. 2081 81st Street, Brooklyn.

#### WHILE IT LASTS.

On Fulton Street near Nostrand Avenue today I saw in front of a row of houses which had been reconstructed a sign which read: "Firewood given away free—Coal \$25 a ton this winter."—Charles Melie, No. 235 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn.

#### SPOKE LIKE A TRUE SON OF THE U. S. A.

To-day as I walked through Mott Street I saw a number of Chinese lads, several with palama-like coats, playing baseball. As I watched them an argument developed over a play and one of these little Orientals exclaimed, "Aw, how do you get that way—you're out!"—Robert Ace, No. 552 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn.

## Yesterday's Special Prizes

First Prize, \$25  
HARRY MENDLOWITZ, No. 714 East 180th Street.  
Second Prize, \$10  
HAROLD LIEBERMAN, Central Fire Station, Norwich, Conn.  
Third Prize, \$5  
JOE WIENER, No. 616 East 12th Street.

#### Ten Prizes of \$2 Each

JAMES S. MAHER, No. 888 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn.  
MRS. H. A. GOLDSTONE, No. 1763 61st Street, Brooklyn.  
ZELDA JACOBS, No. 107 Decatur Street, Brooklyn.  
G. E. CAMPBELL, No. 389 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn.  
DAVID A. FLINER, No. 424 East 46th Street, Brooklyn.  
MRS. LILLIAN LUTZ, No. 9212 Flatlands Avenue, Arverne.  
H. W. B. Glen Cove, L. I.  
ELLA A. CONLEY, No. 158 Beach Street, New Dorp, S. I.  
CHARLES J. LA SPINA, No. 1634 Madison Avenue.  
HERMAN A. KIRSBAUM, No. 70 Essex Street.

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think are best. Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions to-morrow.